

The Tragedie

I can no longer hold me patient.
 Heare me you wrangling pirates that fall out,
 I shaking out that which you haue pild from me:
 Which of you trembles not that looke on me?
 If not, that I being *Queene*, you bow like subiects,
 Yet that by you disposd, you quake like rebels:
 O gentile villaine, doe not turne away.

Glo Foule wrinkled, witch, what makst thou in my sight?

Qu. Ma. But repetition of what thou hast mard,
 That will I make, before I let thee goe:
 A husband and a sonne thou owest vnto me,
 And thou akingdome, all of you alleagence:
 The sorrow that I haue by right is yours,
 And all the pleasure you vsurpe, is mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father layd one thee,
 When thou didst crowne his warlike browes with paper,
 And with thy scorne drewst riuers from his eyes,
 And then to drie them, gau'st the duke a clout
 Steept in the blood of pritty *Rosland*:

His curses then from bitternesse of soule,
 Denounc'd against thee, are fallen vpon thee,
 And God, not we, hath plagde thy bloodie deed.

Qu. So iust is God to right the innocent,

Hast. O twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
 And the most mercilesse that euer was heard of.

Ri. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported,

Dors. No man but prophesied reuenge for it.

Buc Northumberland then present, wept to see it.

Qu. Ma. What? were you snarling all before I came,
 Ready to catch each other by the throat,
 And turne you now your hatred now one me?
 Did Yorkes dread curse preuaile somuch with heauen,
 That *Henries* death my louely *Edwards* death,
 Their kingdomes lost my woefull banishment,
 Could all but answere for that peeuissh brat?
 Can curses pearce the clouds, and enter heauen;
 Why then giue way dull clouds to my quicke curses:
 If not by warre, by surfet die your King.
 As ours by murder to make him a King.

Edward

of Richard the Third

Edward my sonne, which now is prince
 For *Edward* my son, which was a Prince
 Die in his youth by like vntimely violence
 Thy selfe a *Queene*, for me that was a King
 Our liue thy glory, like my wretched selfe
 Long maist thou liue to waile thy child
 And see another, as I see thee now
 Deckt in thy glory, as thou art staid in
 Long die thy happy dayes before thy
 And after many lengthened houres of
 Die neither mother, wife, nor *Englands*
Rivers and *Dorset*, you were flanders
 And so was thou Lord *Hastings*, who
 Was stabd with bloody daggers, God
 That none of you may liue your naturall
 But by some vnlookt accident cut off

Glo Haue done thy charme thou haue

Qu. Ma. And leaue out thee? slay do
 If heauen haue any greuous plague in
 Exceeding those that I can wish vpon
 O let them keepe it till thy finnes be ripe
 And then hurle downe their indignation
 On thee the troubler of the poore world
 The worme of conscience still be gnawing
 Thy friends suspect for traytors whilst
 And take deepe traytors for thy dearest
 No sleepe close vp the deadly eyes of thee
 Vnlesse it be whilst some tormenting
 Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly diues
 Thou eluish markt, abortiue rooting ho
 Thou that wast seald in thy natiuitie
 The slaue of nature, and the sonne of he
 Thou slauder of thy mothers heauy
 Thou loathed issue of thy fathers loyn
 Thou rag of honour, thou detested, &c

Glo. Margret.

Qu. Ma. Richard.

Qu. Ma. I call the not.

Glo. Then I cry thee mercy: for I